
A DOG'S TALE

BY GREECE IS FOR LOVERS
PHOTOGRAPHY: WINTA YOHANNES

“Let me start by stating that this is not a sad story. Neither it is a story meant to make you feel pity for me or my family. We were all quite lucky and turned out to have a good life so far.

My name is Fuchur. I was born in Amphipholia, Greece.

Our mother was brave enough to carry me and my six brothers and give birth to us on a hot spring day in a quiet field close to the village. She did her best in taking good care of us and when we were a bit older we relied on the kindness of local people who gave us fresh water and sometimes food.

I still remember how strong the sun was in that country!

The heat was unbearable and finding water was tough but we enjoyed running around free and careless in the countryside, exploring nature and laying around being lazy in the fields.

A month after our birth our mother was found lying by a dumpster on a busy village street after she was missing for several days.

Im not sure exactly what happened, but I suspect she was poisoned by this man who never liked any of us and kept chasing after us with brooms and sticks and whatever he would find appropriate.

We were left alone and tried to get by with whatever food we found in the trash, food that was thrown to us by the people in tavernas and restaurants and whoever was nice enough to share his leftovers.

On a good day we would have some yummy bones with a bit of meat on them if we were lucky but mainly it was bread and vegetables that were a bit hard for us to digest.

We met Angie, the lady from Austria, while she was in Amphipholia for a short summer holiday. She found us one day when taking a walk after her usual siesta. She proved to be very caring and nice and decided to adopt all of us.

She even gave us names after Greek mythological heroes. My original name was Patroclos, taken from Home's Iliad- he was Achille's comrade and brother in arms. Rumor has it that their relationship might have even been a romantic one, but lets not get into this now.

Our journey in Europe begun in Berlin where our adopted mother took all of us and tried to find foster families. Most of my brothers were taken in by nice people apart from Hercules who is still in foster care. I hope he has some good luck too.

My first house was with an American couple living in Berlin. They were pretty good with me although I had trouble understanding them- they speak very quickly you know and are even more animated than the Greeks!

I had only stayed with them for a month when on one of our usual walks around the block we bumped into Cristina.





Cristina is Portuguese living in Berlin for the past two years.

According to her, she fell in love with me the minute she saw me and managed to convince the Americans to give me up and let her take me into her home.

That's when she changed my name as well. I was named Fuchur after the dragon from the German fantasy film "A never-ending story".

Fuchur is the original German name of Falkor in the film. I was told that the dragon had a long body with short paws, kind of like me, so I guess that's why Cristina chose this name for me. I also think it's because she enjoyed this movie so much.

Being in Berlin was very strange in the beginning. I'm still not used to so much concrete everywhere and the fact that most of the time I have to be kept on a leash. It is also much more grey here and a lot colder but at least I sleep inside the house now where the heating is always on.

Cristina is very nice to me! She takes me on long walks, even takes me to the park as well where I can run free for an hour or so. She gives me expensive food from a can and sometimes special treats when I'm being a good boy!

I should tell you now that I'm not an easy dog. I'm large in size so I need to move a lot which is not the best thing when you live in a flat. I think Cristina might be a bit annoyed with me especially when she finds me chewing on her favourite shoes or after I have dismantled the pillows.

Lately she's been talking about sending me to Portugal, back at her parents' house in Viseu. They have five dogs there, two of them are Portuguese shepherds from the mountains, kind of like me. She says it might be good for me there because I'll have a lot more space to explore and run wild.

I don't know, it might be good to see a new country as well. I heard that Portugal was once a great empire so I guess it makes sense to live there after being born in Greece.

I was born to move around and not stick in one place. I think it's in my nature after all.

"Nomad" comes from the Greek word "nomas" and I was told it applies to my case perfectly and that's probably why you read my story here."

Fuchur's lucky charm was designed by the creative design studio Greece is for Lovers.

It was 3d printed in Holland, assembled and photographed in Germany and will travel to Portugal with him.

It's based on the idea of a rabbit's foot which is carried as an amulet believed to bring good luck. Fuchur's charm is a dog's paw giving the finger to the people who killed his mother and left him and his brothers alone. It will accompany him to his journeys and hopefully bring him some good vibes and positive energy.

** Update: By the time the story was printed, Cristina decided to keep Fuchur in Berlin. She is really looking forward though to showing him around next time she visits Portugal!*